

Blount County Democrat.

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THE DEMOCRAT.

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From Hancock County.

BLACKWATER, HANCOCK CO., TENN.,
April 8, 1880. }
EDITORS DEMOCRAT:

Thinking, perhaps, a few items from these parts would be interesting to your readers, I have concluded to try my hand again as a correspondent for your interesting little paper.

Our grain men have returned from Chattanooga, and the country is flooded with money.

There are several cases of typhoid fever in this vicinity now, some dangerously afflicted, some convalescent and some have died. 'Tis hoped that the prevailing disease will abate.

We have had a good revival of religion, on Newman's Ridge, a few days previous to this. A great many professions were made, and the converts were baptised Sunday, the 28th inst. As there was but little water on Newman's Ridge, of course the greater number were baptised by effusion.

A sad accident occurred here some days ago. Mrs. Liddie Painter, a woman about eighty years old, was traveling through a scope of woods, and the wind was blowing strong, and all at once the top of an ash tree came falling almost with the speed of electricity, which prostrated the lady on the ground, breaking one of her arms and crushing her shoulder and breast bones to pieces. She is yet lying, but her recovery is thought to be uncertain.

There are more babies in the city now than ever known before at any one time. One can step out any still night and hear five or six sucklings squalling all at once.

We have a sixteen-year old boy here that is a perfect genius. He now has a well-constructed turning-lathe erected at the mouth of Panther Creek, and keeps constantly on hand all sorts of spinning wheels, walking sticks, rolling-pins and bedsteads. Bully for Johnnie; he'll make a bright star in the history of Hancock some day.

Two juvenile weddings took place here last week, viz: David Hicks, Esq., to Miss Catherine Mitchell, and Mr. John Sergerner and Miss Mary Maxey. I was not fortunate enough to be present on these glorious occasions, but still I wish them a lengthy honey-moon, and a continued opening of fragrant flowers along their pathway till they cross over Jordan.

The time of election is rolling around, and the candidates will soon be in the field. There is a President to elect; Governors, Congressmen, Senators, Representatives, and other officials are to be elected, and it behooves every person that wants to keep posted to subscribe for a good political home paper and see how things are going. Wake up, gentlemen; unlock your trunks; take out those mammoth rolls of greenbacks that are moulding; air them; send a dollar to the BLOUNT COUNTY DEMOCRAT, and get a good, reliable Democratic newspaper. Then read; forbid old "hard times" to linger round your doors. Keep posted and be happy.

What more do we need than honest men in high places? The welfare of the nation depends entirely upon who we elect to make laws by which we are to be governed. Do we want riot, anarchy, confusion and corruption to reign in our legislative halls? If not we should avoid it by electing honest men to represent us. Hancock county is coming to the front this time, with an overwhelming majority for honest men. Multitudes of Republicans are being moulded over into everlasting Democrats, and the prospects for Democratic victories are flattering. Give us Mr. H. C. Jarvis to represent Hancock and Claiborne counties, other honest men to fill other places and we shall be satisfied.
Dick.

DECEED.

Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear-drops start,
Whether they fall as a gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart,
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubting come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep,
From dimpling waters to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting.
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be laid,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in bitter pain.

Into all hands some duty thrust,
Unto all arms some burdens given,
Crushing the heart with its deavy weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's near sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain—
Weaving for all a golden crown.

From Kansas.

KANSAS, March 26, 1880.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT:

I will drop you a few thoughts from the North Nineseah. We have a very warm, dry spring; wheat would be the better of some rain, although it looks well. People in this part of the country are going ahead with their farming business; they are about all done sowing oats and are preparing their ground to plant corn.

Sometime ago two of my boys started to Marshall on horseback, and on their way they came in contact with a wolf which was drawing seven steel-traps and a large log-chain. One of his fore feet was in one of the traps; the traps were connected with the chain. The boys arrested the chap and brought him home. If any one can beat that I would like to hear from them.
S. W.

School Money.

The Comptroller's semi-annual apportionment among the several counties of the State, according to the scholastic population as reported to him by the State Superintendent, for the following counties is as follows:

	Population.	Appor't.
Blount, - - -	5,655	\$ 828.24
Knox, - - -	12,186	1,784.77
Loudon, - - -	3,276	479.81
Monroe, - - -	5,067	742.12
Roane, - - -	4,949	724.84
Sevier, - - -	5,713	839.73

The warrants for this fund will not be issued until July 1, 1880, at which time the interest matures.

The Grant Managers.

In the race for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, General Ulysses S. Grant is still far ahead of any of his competitors. Mr. Blaine is a good second; Mr. Edmunds is at present third, with John Sherman and the "dark horse" struggling for fourth place. Unless something unforeseen at present happens to break up the Grant movement the party will commit itself to the rather dangerous innovation of a third term.

We do not object to this issue, on which to fight the coming Presidential battle; we rather welcome it, because we feel sure that the American people will, by an overwhelming majority, repudiate any attempt to contravene the unwritten, but fully recognized, law governing the Presidency since the retirement of George Washington. It will be demonstrated that two terms are regarded as enough for one man, and that whoever undertakes to exceed that limit will be regarded with feelings of suspicion.—[Boston Globe.

The Springfield Republican, an independent journal, does not seem to entertain the dread of a Democratic President that the Republicans do. It says: Suppose that Bayard, or even Tilden were elected President, and with a Democratic Congress at his back, what harm is coming therefrom to the freemen of the nation? The amendments will not be endangered. No new outbreak of terrorism is to be feared, for no occasion for it exists; with a Republican President, the Democrats and Democratic-Independents and Readjusters control every Southern State, and under a Democratic President they have nothing more in that section to seek. The anticipation of new "barbarism" under a Democratic administration seems to have absolutely no basis. The barbarism of the past has existed while Republican administrations ruled at Washington. It is high time to recognize that the weal or woe of the freedmen is not chiefly or largely dependent on who holds the Presidency.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Jay Gould's income is now estimated at \$2,000 per day.

There are six ex-Governors of Georgia now living, and all residing in the State.

On the 26th inst. the Odd Fellows will celebrate the sixty-first anniversary of the inauguration of their Order.

Connecticut's State Capitol was not only built without a deficiency appropriation, but there is \$40,000 left over.

A school teacher says that children should never be stupidly joked at when they blunder in answering a question.

By the command of Queen Victoria, a stone cross has been erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial lost his life in Zululand.

Last year the South raised 600,000,000 pounds of tobacco, which exceeds the production of any other year by 12,000,000 pounds.

If you are troubled about the grain chest with mice, watch for their holes and scatter a little copperas in them. A few grains will drive them away.

William H. Vanderbilt received a government check for \$310,500, being the quarterly interest on his four per cent. bonds, a daily income of \$3,450.

"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would half to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

Monroe was the only President who died in New York. His son-in-law was postmaster of that city and his last lineal descendant was a treasury clerk in 1858.

Last season a farmer in the vicinity of Portland, Maine, raised 101 bushels of corn on an acre of land; the largest recorded crop ever raised in the State of Maine.

There is contained in the corn cobs raised in the United States from 115 to 120 million pounds of potassium, which is the most valuable article.

A dozen acres will pay better than a hundred if attended to. This is realized every year by practical men.

Savannah (Ga.) News.—Yesterday Abraham Burke, the first-known black man, was appointed a Notary Public by his Honor Judge Fleming, in chambers. Burke is a first black man, we are informed, who was ever appointed to this office in Chatham county.

The average yield of potatoes in the United States, in 1877, was estimated by the Agricultural Department as 92 bushels, in 1878 at 69 bushels, in 1879 at 98 bushels, and there are but few States in which the average for the last 25 years will exceed 100 bushels per acre.

Fruit trees can be pruned at any time, provided only small limbs or twigs have to be cut. The rule should be to so prune the trees that no large limbs would have to be cut. Cuts made in June will heal sooner than at any other time, but it requires more care at that time as the bark peels so easily.

Mrs. Augustus Brooks, of East Eliott, Me., has a cat thirteen years old which walks around a room on her hind legs only, dances, turns somersaults, goes through the motions of holding a Jew's harp to her mouth with one paw and playing on it with the other, kisses her paw to visitors and holds a saucer of milk on her fore legs while she drinks it.

Twenty ladies "chipped in" and bought some lottery tickets. One of them told her minister, and he was shocked. "My dear madame," he exclaimed, "do you not know that is gambling?" She rattled right along as if she hadn't heard him: "Yes, we are going to draw the \$30,000 prize, and if we do—then we've all agreed to give you \$5,000 of it for the new church organ." "An excellent idea, my dear madame; excellent, and I devoutly trust you may win it."

The great donation of George Peabody for the benefit of the work-people of London, England, is now in full and admirable working order. The number of separate dwellings occupied by them is 2,355, containing 5,170 rooms and sheltering 9,905 people. The average rent for each room is forty-eight cents per week, which includes the free use of water, bath-rooms, laundries, and sculleries. The average earnings of each head of family residing there is \$6.95. The income of the fund is constantly increasing. At present the trustees have in hand \$970,000, to be re-invested in other buildings.

Some Little Things of Value.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water.

A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water a minute. Salt-fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

Interesting Facts in a Nutshell.

Measure 200 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

An acre contains 4,800 square yards.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath day's journey is 1,155 yards (this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile).

A day's journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles.

A cubit is two feet.

A great cubit is eleven feet.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches.

A palm is three inches.

A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.

A pace is three feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 lbs.

A barrel of powder weighs twenty-five pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds.

A tub of butter weighs eighty-four pounds.

As an exchange, to prevent mar-

palming off old eggs, the following is thus described: He

uses to arrange a rubber stamp in

the nest of every hen, with a movable

date. This stamp is arranged with a

pad which is saturated with indelible

ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is

well known, she kicks slightly with

her hind leg. An electric disk is ar-

ranged so that her foot touches it,

when the stamp turns over on the ink-

pad and then revolves, stamping the

date on the egg. The hen then goes

off about her business; the farmer's

bird girl removes the egg and re-

places the stamp, which is ready for

another. On each evening, after the

hens have retired to their downy roost

with the roosters, the date of the

stamp is changed to the following

date, and the good work goes on. In

this way there can be no cheating.

You go to the grocery and ask for

fresh eggs, and the groceryman says

he has some eggs of the vintage of

March 1, 1880, for instance. You look

at them and there are the figures,

which cannot lie. With this method

it is an object for the man to get rid

of his eggs, knowing that to-morrow

may be too late.

Among the men who refuse to

patronize local papers is he who gives

a second-hand pair of pantaloons or an

old coat for charity's sake, and then

makes it a point to let the editor know

of it, so that his sheet may herald it

abroad and let the world know of his

benevolence. This same old dead

weight on human progress and civil-
ization will tell you that advertising
doesn't pay.

Gen. Imboden, of Pennsylvania,

has purchased 50,000 acres of the

choicest coal and iron lands in Scott,

Lee and Wise counties, Virginia, near

Bristol, Va. He will erect iron works

and at once proceed to develop its re-

sources. The Bristol News regards

his action as a grand boom for Bris-

A DEAD SHOT.

A Hunter's Adventure.

One day, seven years ago last spring, after tending my traps in the morning, I started out through the mountains of North California on a hunt. About noon I killed a big horn, and, while I was cooking my dinner, I happened to discover a small opening in a rocky place up the side of the mountain, which I was certain led to a cave. The entrance for a little distance was only large enough to allow a man to crawl in. I went after my rifle, and returned to the place, determined to see what sort of a cave it was. When I came to examine the opening, I found a beaten path running into it, and I knew that it must be the home of some wild animal. This made me a little cautious. I put my head into the opening, keeping my gun ready to crack at the first live thing I should see. The cave was very dark, and I could see but a few feet ahead; but presently I heard a noise that seemed to come from the interior, and I stooped and listened. It was a faint, moaning sound, and when it was repeated I knew that it came from a young panther. Had I known as much then as I do now, I should have got out of that place as fast as my legs would let me. But I was inexperienced then, and had more curiosity than caution, and more courage than wisdom, and I took it into my head to capture the young panther. My rifle had heretofore proven equal to any emergency, and there is a certain love of adventure that leads a hunter on from one peril to another, from one hard exploit to a greater, until he meets with a check. I began to crawl down into the cave, through a narrow, crooked passage, that must have been fifteen feet long. One of the panthers—for I soon found that there was more than one cub in the cave—kept up crying, which grew louder and louder as I approached. At last I came to a place where the cave widened into a large room. I could stand up, but it was so dark that at first I could

glimpse one cub after another.

panthers. There were

in a nice little bed of leaves, made

in one corner of the cave. They made

a great noise when I stirred up the

nest. They were quite young, and I

put them into my hunting cap, and

started to go back. I had taken good

care to remember my bearings, and

felt sure that I would have no trouble

in making my way out. I crawled

along, careless as usual, congratulat-

ing myself on my courage and good

luck, and thinking what nice pets I

would make of the young panthers,

and how proud I would be to show

them and tell how I got them, when

all at once I came to the mouth of the

cave. What do you think I saw?

The old panther was coming in.

She had smelt my tracks, and I

could see by the light on each side of

her, as she approached through the

entrance, that every hair on her body

was sticking toward her head. She

meant mischief. I dropped the cubs.

As I did so they set up a yell. The

old panther seemed to comprehend the

situation, and gave a growl so merci-

less and savage that it made my hair

creep and my blood chill. I raised

my gun. I used to think that I was

tall timber at rifle shooting, but, al-

though the panther was not more

than thirty feet from me, I was almost

afraid to risk a shot. I had little

time, however, for deliberation, and I

discharged my piece expecting that

the next minute the old panther would

be upon me. But, when the smoke

cleared away, I saw that the animal

had dropped on the very spot where

she had received the bullet. I went

to her cautiously, but she was dead.

I have been in tight places since, but

that was the best shot I ever made.

The time of holding State con-

ventions has already been determined

by the Democrats of seventeen States.

They are as follows, in the order of

their dates: Nebraska, March 31;

Iowa, April 7; Louisiana, April 12;

Texas, April 20; Pennsylvania, April

28; Ohio, May 6; Wisconsin, May

18; New Jersey, May 19; Virginia,

May 26; South Carolina, June 1;

Alabama, June 2; Arkansas, June 2;

Tennessee, June 8; Indiana, June 9;

Kentucky, June 17.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Gen. Walker

says that the enumerators for taking

the census will not be appointed until

all the Supervisors are confirmed. He

will then require the Supervisors to

nominate men of intelligence for such

places; send the list thus selected to

his office for approval accompanied

with the recommendation of several

citizens of the district to the effect

that the nominees are men of intelli-

gence, honest and of good standing in

the community in which they live.